



VOL. XXIV.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 15, 1856.

NO. 21.

## MAINE FARMER

"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

CALCULATIONS IN REGARD TO FODDER.

It is a great object to the farmer of Maine to raise a supply of the best kinds of fodder for their stock during the winter. Hay, we all know, is the great dependence—the staple material for this purpose, but there are many other crops which can be raised to advantage among us, and which are very valuable for furnishing food to stock, and thereby saving hay.

In order to ascertain the real value of these crops for the purpose above named, it will be necessary to compare the nutritive properties of the several articles with good hay, as the standard.

Experiments, and close and careful comparison of the results of many trials, have given the following as the comparative difference between the articles mentioned and good hay. We have published these results before, but we now put them in tabular form, so as to give the reader an easier mode of comparing them.

100 lbs. of hay are equal to  
275 " of green Indian corn,  
442 " of rye straw,  
164 " of oat straw,  
153 " of pea straw,  
201 " of raw potatoes,  
175 " of boiled potatoes,  
339 " of mangel wurtzel,  
504 " of turnips,  
54 " of rye,  
46 " of wheat,  
50 " of oats,  
45 " of peas or beans,  
64 " of buckwheat,  
57 " of Indian corn,  
68 " of acorns,  
105 " of wheat bran,  
109 " of rye bran,  
167 " of wheat, peas, and oat chaff,  
179 " of rye and barley.

From this "bird's eye view," it will be easy to calculate the fodder value of any of the above articles which you may raise. For instance, if you have 504 lbs. of turnips, they will give as much nutrition to your cattle as 100 lbs. of good hay, or in other words, it will take 5 lbs. of turnips to be equal to 1 lb. of hay.

An ox, it is said, requires 2 per cent of hay per day if he does not work, and 24 per cent if he works. Suppose, therefore, you have an ox which weighs 1500 lbs., he will require 30 lbs. of hay per day if he does not work. But you wish to feed him in part with turnips. If you give him 15 lbs. of hay, how many pounds of turnips must you give him to make up the supply? Ans. 75 lbs., which, at 60 lbs. to the bushel, will be 5 pecks.

Again, according to the table, a little more than half a pound of Indian corn is equal to a pound of hay. If, therefore, you give the same ox but 15 lbs. of hay, how much Indian corn must he have to supply the 15 lbs. of hay? Ans. A little over 8 lbs. Allowing corn to weigh 50 lbs. per bushel, it will take 3 quarts and a third.

Allowing the estimates in the table to be correct, they will be a convenient guide to farmers in feeding cattle, &c., on other articles, in order to save their hay.

A milch cow is said to require 3 per cent of her weight per day. A sheep, full grown, 34 per cent.

For the Maine Farmer.

EARLY CORN.

FRIEND HOLMES:—For three years past I have grown very satisfactory crops of corn, from ten to twenty days earlier than any other field variety I have seen. Last year planted late, on the lowest and coldest piece of land we ever put corn upon, and the crop was ripe before the early frosts, and mostly in the barns before the heavy rains that almost spoiled some fields. The ears are of medium size compared with the many varieties in New England, but the heaviest in proportion to the stalk that I have seen.—Do not know but this corn may be common in some parts of the country. Have not heard any particular name to it except the poor man's corn, as it is said to grow better on lean soil than most other varieties. Do not know this to be a fact, not having tried it. Do not know the origin of this seed. Said to have been recently brought from the North—Aroostook county. I have none for sale, neither do I know of any; and do not think of a more convenient way to distribute a little for seed than by leaving a trace at the Farmer's office, that farmers, if they will be at the trouble to call for an ear or two to plant, and it proves satisfactory, will have seed of their own, next year. MOSES TADDER.  
Vassalboro', 5th mo., 6th, 1856.

For the Maine Farmer.

REDDIES.

Mr. Editor:—Will you please inform me what is best to plant or transplant for hedges—and whether suitable shrubs can be obtained at any nursery—and the probable price? The weather is cool here now, but the season is far more forward than last year at this time. Some of our farmers have commenced sowing.

J. B. HALL.

Presque Isle, Aroostook Co., April 30, '56.

NOTE. For the latitude in which our friend resides, we should recommend the common beech. This is hardy, and when kept down by pruning and clipping will become so bushy and compact that a bird could hardly get through it. The buckthorn would probably grow well with him, and make a good hedge.

For the Maine Farmer.

HEN QUESTIONS.

Mr. Editor:—Will you be kind enough to give me the following information through the Farmer: 1st. Is it profitable to raise hens where a person has no farm, and can not give them much of a chance to run about and scratch? 2nd. What kind of hens are best for laying? 3d. What kind of food is best and cheapest for hens in winter? 4th. What will be the cost of keeping 10 hens and a rooster for one year? 5th. Any other information in regard to keeping hens that you see fit to give, would be gratefully received by

A YOUNG FRIEND.

NOTE. The profit of hens, like that of every other kind of live stock, depends altogether on the prudent and judicious care taken of them, and the state of the market, for whatever they produce. In answer to question last, we reply: that many people who have leisure to attend to the business, and who have also a taste for it, have made it moderately profitable to keep hens in such locations as above described.

2d. As to the kinds of hens. The hen tribe seem to be now divided into two great divisions, which we shall call Asiatic and Yankee. The Asiatics are the large breed introduced from the East Indies, such as Shanghai, Brama Pootras, Cochins, Chinas, Javas, Chittagongs. These are all undoubtedly varieties of one race. We have kept them all, and of them all we prefer the Brama Pootras, and the Buff Shanghais. They are a large heavy "luncheon" breed, require a good deal more to eat than smaller breeds; but lay well and earlier in the season than our old fashioned kinds are most determined and unfailing setters, and good mothers.

One peculiarity of them, is the great patience with which they bear confinement. A low picket fence, which a Yankee hen would hop over at one skip, will keep them quiet, and they will settle down to their quarters with all the resignation of a martyr.

There is another peculiarity in them, they are contented, and even thankful for a lowly roost. A pole two or three feet from the ground satisfies them. Put some of these and some Yankee hens in a barn together, and at roosting time see the difference: the Asiatic will settle on some "low limb," or on a block, or even on the floor, while the Yankees will climb up to the "great beams," or the ridge-pole, before they "put up" for the night; but the Asiatics need a warmer chance in winter than the Yankees.

3d. As to food, any kind of grain; but Indian corn is the best, though they like a variety. In addition to this something of the green kind is excellent for them, such as rutabagas, apples, cabbages, &c. They also require something of the animal kind, such as refuse from the slaughter-house, the liver, lights, &c., of slaughtered animals. A little green and lime, such as clam shells and the like, pounded.

4th. As to the cost. This depends on the circumstances of the market, where you are. A common sized Yankee hen requires about a gill of corn per day. An Asiatic has a larger crop, and requires more, and of course requires more.

We tried an experiment last winter with 18 large Asiatics, (Pootras and Shanghais), by feeding them on nothing but Indian corn, where we kept them all the time. They were rather lean and hungry when we began, and we found that a bushel of corn would last them eight days. This is almost half a pint per day. Early in the morning, and just before going to roost, they would supply themselves heartily. In about a month they did not eat quite so much per day. If they had been well supplied with other kinds of food, they, of course, would not have eaten so much corn per day.

5th. "Any other information." Get Minter's, or Bennett's, or any other good author on "hensology," and study the science substantially; then get some good hens and study them practically.

We think it would be a good plan to get some Brama Pootras or Buff Shanghais, and some Yankee brood—say the Dorkings, for instance. Keep them separate and pure.

Then, by crossing the Asiatic hens with the Dorking rooster, you get a better breed for laying, or for the table, than either of them; but, in order to cross, you will need to keep both breeds pure, for we find the cross breeds do not hold their characteristics very well, as their progeny is apt to breed either to one side or the other.

For the Maine Farmer.

MOWING MACHINES—QUERY.

Mr. Editor:—Can you inform me, whether mowing machines, in any form, have been brought into use in Maine? And if so, what kind have the preference, where can they be obtained, and at what cost? I have seen it stated, in Massachusetts papers, that thousands of tons of hay were cut there, the last season, at an expense not exceeding fifty cents per ton, and at the rate of ten or twelve acres per day, by the use of a single machine. If these things be so, why some of the shrewd calculators, in this land of immense hay products, have not sought to avail themselves of their benefit, I do not understand. Any information in your power to give, will be gratefully acknowledged by

MANY.

Dana, Mass., April 19, 1856.

NOTE. Mowing machines have been tried in Maine, but cannot be said to be fully introduced among us. As far as tried, they have given pretty good satisfaction; but it has been found that in order to have the full benefit of them, our farmers in laying down their lands must make the surface a little smoother than many have hitherto done. This will do no hurt.

Those hitherto tried in Maine, have been Ketchum's, Allen's, and Manny's. Probably more of Ketchum's have been sold among us than any others, and not many as yet of them. Which is the best for our latitude has not yet been formally decided upon by any tribunal in this State. We suppose the one that will mow best in other sections of the Union will mow best here.

Ed.

For the Maine Farmer.

DAIRY DOINGS IN BIRCHDALE—NO. 2.

Being relieved from the care of my farm the past season, and wishing to visit a neighbor, who was engaged in banking, in Oshkosh, in Northern Wisconsin, and feeling "itching" to see the great West, that captivates so many of our Down Easters, I took the Western Railroad, via Boston, Albany, Niagara Falls, through Canada West, to Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, at the head of Winnebago Lake, thence up Fox River to Berlin, thence by stage through Waupun, Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, thence on the railroad to Dubuque, Iowa, Chicago—traveling by daylight, in order to see as much of the country as I could, by the rapid traveling in the cars.

I will commence by acknowledging that I saw many situations for farming purposes, by far preferable to Maine, so far as soil, climate, and markets are concerned; and first, I will say that the interval land on the Connecticut River is the best I ever saw—but that land is worth from one to three hundred dollars per acre, and it is a mere strip of land. Massachusetts, as a State, has but little land that will compare with Kennebec, Somerset, Franklin, and West Penobscot counties. The land from Connecticut River to Albany is very broken and poor. The land on the Hudson, and about Albany, is a thin, light, poor soil. The land on the Mohawk and Genesee Rivers is good, and is worth from sixty to seventy-five dollars per acre, by the farm.

The land through Canada West is the best timbered country I ever saw; and the soil for wheat and grass is not inferior to Western New York; but farms are much higher in price than in Kennebec. From Detroit to Chicago, much of the land is broken, with a light sandy and gravelly, poor soil; and away from the marts of trade there is more the appearance of poverty, than there is of wealth. There was an absence of comfortable dwellings, of barns, &c.; the crops apparently light.

From Chicago, via Milwaukee, Fond du Lac, to Oshkosh, the country is tolerably well wooded, but quite too flat to be either desirable or healthy. From Oshkosh I went in a small steamer up Fox River, to Berlin, twenty-six miles. Fox River is about the size of the Kennebec stream from Bangor to Kenduskeag, yet the Mont, as it is called, (I call it Bay), of that little stream, will average from three to six miles wide. I speak of this to show the flatness of the country. At Berlin I took the stage to Waupun, where I stayed over Sunday. From Berlin to Waupun, a distance of fifty miles, the land is more rolling than near the Lakes, but is deficient in timber, either for building, fencing or fuel. At Waupun I examined the soil, and what I supposed to be a black sandy loam, underlain with a red clay, I found to be nothing more than a black vegetable mould or peat, and what I took to be red clay, I found to be peat only, with a reddish cast; when dry, it is in hard bunches, but when wet, the vilest mud you can imagine. From Waupun to Madison, most of the distance is over prairies, some of which are more extensive than the eye can scan, and through the oak openings the timber is thin and short, showing to my mind a weak, poor soil. From Beaver Dam to Madison, much of the distance is through oak openings, hemmed in with marshes, or bays, covering nearly half the country; some of the bays embrace hundreds of acres, rendering the atmosphere unhealthy in the extreme. One great fault of Wisconsin and Northern Illinois is that it is too flat and unhealthy; another serious fault is the want of timber for building, fences and fuel; and another serious drawback is that their peat soil is not adapted to the growth of the English grasses, and their prairie grass, for grazing, is no better than our low land grasses; and their bog hay is like all other bog hay, but little better than straw. I saw great pains at Milwaukee, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Waupun, and Dubuque, to go on to their prairies, and into their pastures, and examine their stock, which I found thin in flesh, not in better order than our stock is in June, though it was then late in October. It has often been admitted that the western butter was poor, but it was attributed to the want of skill in making; but the fact is they have no feed with which to make good butter. Their prairie grass is a tough, coarse grass, but little, if any, better than our water grass, which it resembles.

A large share of the agricultural population of Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, are without barns or sheds for their stock, and without materials to make them. There is more apparent poverty and destitution among them than I ever witnessed in the poorest part of New England. In one thing they have a decided advantage of us. We have a set of croakers, whom the State would do well to give a bounty to get rid of, as they have done our cows, who deny that our soil and climate is fit for man or beast; while you, West, if you will believe what they tell you, is the very garden of Eden, where corn will grow one hundred bushels to the acre, if hoed, fifty if planted, and twenty-five if not planted; and where they get twenty-five to forty bushels of spring wheat to the acre. The facts are, if I can believe my own eyes, there is more of their turf corn that will not pay harvesting, than will yield ten bushels to the acre. Their hoed corn will yield from fifteen to twenty bushels to the acre, and if their wheat stubble told the truth, their wheat crop would range from six to twenty-five bushels.

I have only time and space to say that I returned much better satisfied with Maine than before I went West, and have concluded to keep my farm and its fixings, that I have tried for years to sell for \$10,000, thinking I could manage the money much easier than I could the farm. But having received this year \$1500 for the use of \$10,000, I am not in a hurry to part with property so safely invested as it is in real estate.

And to my neighbors, I wish to say, if they have the Western fever, go out West and see for yourselves, and if by seeing, you do not at once get rid of the fever, stay there long enough to get the chills, which will soon shake the fever out of you, and you will come home and be contented to farm in Maine, where you and your family will be much more happy, and if you are industrious and frugal, you will make more money at farming in Maine than you can out West.

On my return home I spent two days at the agricultural fair at Boston, and saw for the first time some of the imported stock that has often been puffed by our Agricultural Journals. The little Jersey Cows, I have no doubt are as good for dairy purposes as has been represented, but judging from the bulls I saw on the ground, they are not valuable for the yoke or for beef. The Ayrshires are a large, coarse, rough kind of stock, what may be, or may not be, good for the dairy, but too coarse to rear. The Devons have long slim handsome horns, and the color of their hair a dark red, a most desirable color, but they are neither large, handsome, or good milkers. The Herefords I have seen before; energetic, good work oxen, and for aught I know good milkers. They are more like our native stock, energetic and hardy. The Durhams are the cattle which I admire for their "mountain of beef," and think they will do to mix with their native cattle for work oxen, but will not do for the dairy.

Between you and I, Doctor, the high price paid for imported stock is in character with the Moral Multitude, China tea, corn, and Rohan Potatoe speculations, a great humbug, showing that "the fools are not all dead yet."

Yours, &amp;c., OLIVER BIRCHDALE.

Birchdale, Penobscot Co., April 7, 1856.

For the Maine Farmer.

HYDRAULIC CEMENT—QUERY.

Mr. Editor:—Some of your readers here wish to know something more of the use which may be made of the Hydraulic Cement. Will you be so good as to inform us if it can be used for any or all of the following purposes?  
For making water-tight troughs for cattle in barn yards? For steps? For platforms under covered walks, as piazzas, &c.? For cylinders for pumps instead of wood?  
By answering the above inquiries you will oblige,  
Yours truly, G. W. GENTILL.

Cornish, May 1, 1856.

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Yours, &amp;c., OLIVER BIRCHDALE.

Birchdale, Penobscot Co., April 7, 1856.

For the Maine Farmer.

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Cornish, May 1, 1856.

For the Maine Farmer.

REFORMING KICKING COWS.

Mr. Editor:—I saw in a late Farmer a remedy for the trouble of kicking cows, viz: tie up a leg, which is sometimes a troublesome operation. I give you another, and I think better remedy, for which I am indebted to the Farmer or some other paper, years ago, and which the "boys" say is effectual, not only to prevent kicking but also stepping about, &c., viz: buckle a strap tightly around the body just back of the fore legs.

A friend informs me that by mulching his current bushes with spent tan, last year, the leaves were kept on through the season, and the fruit improved in size and quality, and retained late on the bushes. Try it cautiously. D.

For the Maine Farmer.

PIGEON QUERY.

Mr. Editor:—I would like to inquire, thro' the columns of the Farmer, the best mode of catching wild pigeons; what sort of grain are they most fond of; and it is necessary to scent it? If so, what with? I am interested in catching wild pigeons, and should like to know the best means to obtain that object. Will you, or some of your subscribers, inform me through the Farmer?  
A SUBSCRIBER.

Gorham, April 19th, 1856.

For the Maine Farmer.

GOOSEBERRIES—CUCUMBERS.

We have examined some remarkably fine specimens of this excellent fruit the present season, all of which go to show that very fine fruit may be produced at a trifling expense, where the hand of industry is properly guided. The Houghton Seedling is perhaps the most desirable gooseberry known. It is hardy, very prolific under proper management, and possesses of a flavor which, in point of richness, is surpassed by none. The bushes should be set in trenches three feet deep, and filled in with alternate layers of mould and old manure. Unfermented stable dung should never be used, except towards the bottom of the trench, as the vigorous fermentation it undergoes would tend to engender disease in the radicals, and ultimately prove ruinous to the vines. Mulching is very desirable. Prune lightly during the first years of growth, and for stimulating, use common salt, soap suds, and diluted urine.

As a matter of record—though not strictly appropriate to the season—we will here mention that cucumbers may be forwarded some weeks, simply by planting them in the open soil, placing around them, when up, four bricks laid flat-ways, and laying over them a pane of glass. The glass may be removed during the day time, and the bricks will retain a portion of the heat absorbed during the day time, and this, acting in favorable conjunction with the exclusion of the night air, will tend powerfully to accelerate the development, and produce a vigorous action of the system through it. Melons, squashes, and other vines of a similar description may be advanced by the same very simple and economical process. Broken glass from the shops, which will cost nothing, or at most, a mere trifle, will answer for this purpose as well as one, and will last for years. Watering frequently and copiously if the weather be dry, with soap suds, or diluted urine, as a stimulant, will be found singularly advantageous. Gypsum and pulverised charcoal should be frequently sprinkled over the vines as soon as they are up.

B.

[Germantown Telegraph.]

PORT WINES are often manufactured from bad claret, by the addition of extract of elderberry juice, Lisbon grapes, burnt sugar, brandy, bitter almonds, and logwood.

For the Maine Farmer.

MAY.

BY GEO. W. BLAKE.

Gone is now the dreary winter, gone the fields of ice and snow,  
And the merry, tuncful sleighbells, and the peering eyes to greet us with their music in their summer northland home—  
Gone are now the cheerful evenings, when, around the blazing hearth,  
Rose the festive song and story and the shouts of gladness mirth.  
Brighter days in the ascending brighter glories to us bring,  
Basking in the glorious sunlight come the pleasant days of spring.  
Bright as any fair maid roaming fields at break of day,  
Is the beauty of the blooming, smiling month of lovely May.

Now the merry birds returning from the warmer climes come—  
Come to greet us with their music in their summer northland home—  
Merrily their sweet songs are ringing from each leafy bush and bough,  
As the sun tints hills and meadows with a rosyate, healthful glow.

Now have come the "erratic" swallows, that the winter days have flown,  
Dropped, perhaps, as erst our fathers told us, from the far off moon;  
Laden are the trees with blossoms, and the apple, peach and pear,  
And the fragrant pomegranate, give their breaths unto the air.

O'er the green hills fringed with daisies, o'er the dangerous rocky steep,  
Through the meadows, through the woodlands, where the river onward sweeps,  
Roam the merry-hearted children, joyous as the summer day,  
Gathering, in their morning freshness, the wild flowers to their bouquets.

Here peeps forth a dandelion, there a primrose nestles near,  
Here, retired, the modest violet, there the honey-suckle sweet,  
Yellow buttercups and cowslips, with the maple's crimson boughs,  
Sprigs of the perennial pine tree, and the apple's fragrant boughs.

I remember in the early days of childhood's glorious prime,  
How impatiently I waited for the pleasures of spring-tine,  
For the beautiful had blossoms, earliest forest flowers of May,  
Limning with their white the woodlands, as the trees were growing gray.

Brighter then the mornings, sweeter were the opening flowers,  
Lovelier were the spring's first blossoms, brighter were the winged hours,  
Fairer were the landscapes painted, dotted here and there with trees,  
Greener were the fields and meadows, waving in the summer breeze.

Softer were the gentle murmurs of the whispering, rustling willow,  
Larger was the alder-germinal pond above the olden mill,  
Now, the cares of sterned manhood through the quick revolving years,  
And the world's discordant tumults harshly fall upon my ears;

But I strive, by patient toiling, that each fleeting, passing day  
May resemble, in its brightness, the sweet days of lovely May.  
Franklin, Mass., May 1, 1856.

ANDROSOGGIN AG. &amp; HORT. SOCIETY.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

The Annual Exhibition, Cattle Show and Fair of the Androsoggin Agricultural and Horticultural Society will be held at—on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th, 8th and 9th of October, 1856.

DIVISION I—LIVE STOCK.

Class I.—Horses.

Best stallion, 4; 24, 3.  
breeding mare, with foal by her side, 250; 24, 200.  
2.00  
matched horses, 2.  
family horse, 2.  
three years old colt, 2; 24, 1.  
two years old colt, 1; 24, 1.  
one year old colt, 2; 24, 1.  
colt, less than one year old, 1.  
TROTTERS.

troting horse, trial of speed on the course, 4; 24, 3; 24, 2.  
specimen ladies' riding on horseback, on the course, 5; 24, 3; 24, 2.  
TOWN TEAMS.

working oxen, not less than ten yokes, reference being had to numbers and qualities, 10; 24, 8; 24, 6; 24, 4.  
team of three years old steers, not less than eight yokes, 6; 24, 5; 24, 4.  
team of two years old steers, not less than six yokes, 6; 24, 5; 24, 4.  
OXEN AND STEERS.

pair working oxen, 3; 24, 2; 24, 1.  
pair matched oxen, 3; 24, 2; 24, 1.  
pair matched steers, three years old, 2; 24, 1.  
pair matched steers, two years old, 2; 24, 1.  
pair matched steer calves, 1; 24, 50c.  
pair beef oxen, 250; 24, 2.  
Class II.—Durhams and Herefords.

bull, over two years old, 4; 24, 3.  
bull, one year old, 3; 24, 2.  
bull calf, 150; 24, 1.  
COWS AND HEIFERS.

cow, 3; 24, 2; 24, 1.  
two years old heifer, 2; 24, 1.  
one year old heifer, 150; 24, 1.  
heifer calf, 1; 24, 50c.  
Class III.—Grade Durhams and Herefords.

bull, over two years old, 4; 24, 3.  
bull, one year old, 3; 24, 2.  
bull calf, 150; 24, 1.  
COWS AND HEIFERS.

cow, 3; 24, 2; 24, 1.  
two years old heifer, 2; 24, 1.  
one year old heifer, 150; 24, 1.  
heifer calf, 1; 24, 50c.

For the Maine Farmer.

DIVISION II—CROPS.

Indian corn, not less than one acre, 3; 24, 2; 24, 1.

wheat, not less than one acre, 3; 24, 1.  
rye, not less than one acre, 2; 24, 1.  
barley, not less than one acre, 2; 24, 1.  
oats, not less than one acre, 2; 24, 1.  
peas, not less than one-half acre, 2; 24, 1.  
buckwheat, not less than one-half acre, 2; 24, 1.  
white beans, not less than one-half acre, 2; 24, 1.  
sample seed corn, in trace, not less than one-half bushel, 1.

English hay, not less than two acres, 3; 24, 2.  
pumpkins, not less than 6, 75c; 24, 50c.  
squashes, not less than 6, 75c; 24, 50c.  
watermelons, not less than 6, 75c.

Class III.—Root Vegetables.

specimen winter apples, not less than 5 varieties, 1; 24, 75c; 24, 50c.  
specimen early apples, not less than 5 varieties, 1; 24, 75c; 24, 50c.  
specimen pears, 75c; 24, 50c.  
specimen grapes, 75c.  
specimen plums, 1; 24, 50c.  
specimen cranberries, 1.

DIVISION III—AGRICULTURAL OPERATIONS.

Class I.—Plowing and Drawing Match.

Best plowing, and at least expense, one-eighth acre, ten inches deep, within forty minutes, 24; 24, 3; 24, 2.  
subsoil plowing, 2.  
exhibition of drawing, on a drag, by one pair, 3; 24, 2; 24, 1.

Class II.—Dairy Products.

specimen butter, 250; 24, 2; 24, 1.  
jar or firkin of butter, made prior to July 1st, 2; 24, 150; 24, 1.  
specimen cheese, 250; 24, 2; 24, 1.

Class III.—Bread and Honey.

loaf rye and Indian bread, 50c; 24, 25c.  
loaf wheat bread, 50c; 24, 25c.  
specimen honey, 1; 24, 50c.

DIVISION IV—MANUFACTURES, MACHINERY, AND IMPLEMENTS.

Class I.—Household Manufactures.

Best specimen flannel cloth, not less than 20 yards, \$2.  
specimen plain flannel, not less than 20 yards, 2.00.  
specimen twilled flannel, not less than 20 yards, 2.00.  
piece fine white cotton cloth, 1.  
piece fancy cotton cloth, 2.  
specimen seamless lags, 1.  
cotton counterpane, 150; 24, 1.  
rag hearth rug, 150; 24, 1.  
yarn hearth rug, 150; 24, 1.  
yarn floor carpet, 150; 24, 1.  
specimen woolen knitting yarn, not less than one pound, 50c.  
specimen cocoons, 50c.  
specimen sewing silk, 50c.  
specimen woolen hoses, not less than 2 pairs, 50c; 24, 25c.  
spec











## The Muse.

From the London Punch.  
**WARE OF THE BULL!**  
In our household we've got an old Bull.  
When his blood is up, and his belly is full,  
His horns may make him, his tail may pull,  
His sides with a stick you may thrash on;  
You may bait and bait him for hour after hour,  
Not a hoof will he lift, not a horn will he lower—  
You would think to see him he had 'n't the power  
So much as to get in a passion.

But if you had seen our old Bull last year,  
When Crimean reports, fresh of his war,  
Made him ramp, and bellow, and stamp, and tear,  
You would not have dared to come near him:  
Old Gordon he gored; bull's Pan, so clever,  
Got nearly torn; in the vain endeavor  
To enjoin the animal out of his fever,  
And into the stable to lead him.

Little Roebuck, the cow-keeper, sharp and cute,  
Look'd over the hedge at the angry brute.  
"There's but one thing to tame him," quoth he. "To  
do it."

Don't try hood-wink or ringing—  
Give the Bull his head: down with gates and spikes;  
Let him roar as he pleases, and run where he likes;  
Never mind whom he charges, or how he strikes,  
Or through whose fields he goes flinging—  
No choice but Pam: gave the Bull his head,  
And a nighty woman and her maid,  
Assaulted old rumen, old soldiers' dream'd,  
And Pam, Roebuck's little developing.

Every here as there, in the turpentine and clover,  
Set up men of straw for the Bull to knock over,  
Which he'd tear and tear, and began to recover,  
By demolishing scarecrows and galling.

Till he grew again to bull, on whose brow  
The horns have no power in 'em, more than a cow's,  
Who goes in the car, and harrows and ploughs,  
And lets any body guide him.

Thus Roebuck's prescription work'd like a charm,  
The Bull all the summer toll'd on the farm,  
And neither was any more afraid of him,  
Though they were as much as to bid him.

So Pam and Pamure and all of 'em said—  
"What fools we were, to have ever been afraid  
Of a brute whose wrath is so easily laid,  
And whose eyes there is no danger in blinding;  
The next report that goes off in his ear,  
If he kick up his heels, as he did last year,  
We'll show how little his rage we fear,  
By going on, never minding."

A report in Bull's ear has gone off again,  
The report that he'll not be sold and sold,  
Two Scots who respect neither manners nor tone,  
Whatever their rank or connection,  
And our Airs and Gouds and Hardings' good grace  
Dare shake their red coats, and their stars, and gold  
lace.

Right in the Bull's round rumen face,  
Who stands chewing the cud of reflection,  
Have a care—there is something I fancy I spy—  
A reddening spark in that cavernous eye.

A nerve in that eye, smelling more and more high,  
A hoof-thrust, the Bull scarce can stifle.  
Have a care—or in spite of your meers and your  
score,  
Come one stroke of that hoof, or one plunge of that  
horn,  
And 't were better for you you had never been born,  
Than have dared with that same Bull to tangle.

## The Story-Teller.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.  
**STORY OF A WILD-CAT SKIN.**

During my stay at one of the Australian  
Digging, I purchased a commodious residence,  
in which I lived for some time in solitary state.  
This tenement was situated in a most desirable  
locality, in the midst of delightful woodland  
scenery, and surrounded by very extensive park-  
like grounds. There was a right of free-way  
attached to the property, and good shooting in  
the neighborhood. To descend to particulars,  
I may say that the residence in question con-  
sisted of a bark hut, which was made over to  
me by my friends, the Colters, when they set  
out for Mount Korang, and which I believe to  
have been one of the best appointed and most  
convenient dwellings at that time on the Dig-  
gings.

The fixtures and furniture of the hut also  
came into my possession, including a table, of  
which the legs were weak and uncertain, and  
the top slightly on an incline; an original  
gridiron, or bent hoop; several empty  
bottles; two benches; one shelf, or chest of bark  
nailed to the wall, containing candles, salt,  
pipes, and tobacco, and which usually filled  
with water when it rained, the roof being rather  
leaky. In addition to these valuables, there  
was a bodied or frame of logs covered with  
boughs—an article whose luxurious character it  
is unnecessary for me to point out.

I considered myself one of the most fortunate  
fellows in the country, till I discovered that  
the Colters had left behind them other things  
of a less desirable nature. After having bought  
my first bag of flour, I became aware that I  
had come into the possession of a populous colony  
of mice, which consumed among themselves  
almost as much flour as I did. They rattled  
over my furniture at night, and serenaded me  
with faint squeaks of pleasure as they pitched  
into my provisions. There was no keeping  
them out. I put my damper into double bags,  
and hung it from the ceiling—that is to say,  
from the ridge-pole—but they climbed down the  
ropes and gnawed a hole in the bags. After  
many fruitless efforts, I caught one, and made  
an example of him; but I found that example  
was entirely lost upon the rest. They were in-  
corrigibly hungry, and would eat. They in-  
creased and multiplied to such an extent, that at  
length matters became serious.

I hope I am not by nature cruel, nor much  
given to what are called antipathies. I like all  
living creatures in their proper places. There  
was an old frog-headed lizard which resided in  
my chimney, and which was of a social dis-  
position, and would come out sometimes and  
pass the evening with me. He would sit on the  
hearth, and stare fixedly at me with his com-  
plimentary eye for an hour together. I never  
thought of doing him any harm; but then he  
was not obtrusive in his manners—above all, he  
did not eat flour, as I do.

Powder and shot were expensive, but their  
effects were lasting. I got out my revolver,  
loaded it carefully, and having placed my last  
new damper, uncovered, in the middle of the  
floor I turned into bed, keeping my eye on the  
damper, and my finger on the trigger. But not  
one of the cunning little rascals would come  
out. Several times one fat old fellow popped  
his head out of his hole, as though on the watch—  
my residence was entirely undisturbed by  
these animals—I looked at me, and then popped  
back again—I thought he winked at me.

The other inhabitants of the hut were less  
troublesome. There were some tarantulas, or  
"tri antelopes," as Colter called them, which  
lived in the bark, and were in the habit of  
biting people; but I was told they always re-  
spected the person of the proprietor. Then there  
were a number of insects, of such curious forms  
and brilliant colors as would have delighted an  
entomologist. Any one with a proper regard  
for the interests of science, would certainly  
have collected some in a bottle and  
burned lucifer-matches in it; I, however, con-  
tented myself with watching them as they  
crowded on my table at night. When by chance  
I had got a newspaper, and was busy reading,  
they would delight to walk over the white

paper, and flutter their gorgeously painted  
wings. There was a kind of moth with four  
wings, a little gray-coated fellow, which I used  
to observe with a melancholy curiosity. He  
would come flying down upon the paper, where  
he would walk about for a while; and then, as  
if he preferred that mode of traveling, would  
cast off his wings, one after the other, and be-  
come a mere grub. Here was a theme on which  
perhaps a dig-digger might moralize.

The diggers in the neighborhood went away,  
one after the other, till I became confined al-  
most exclusively to the society I have described.  
However, there was a store still standing about  
half a mile off, and as long as that remained  
there was no great cause for complaint. A  
butcher I had no need of while the powder and  
shot lasted, for the woods yielded plenty of  
game, and in abundant variety. There were  
quail, pigeons (these were fine birds with golden  
wings, larger than the English wood pigeon),  
parakeets—capital in a pie; not to speak of  
many smaller birds, which were not to be de-  
pended upon the big ones were scarce. Then  
sometimes a shot might be had at an opossum  
or a bandy coot, or some other fourfooted ten-  
ant of the woods, which, like the birds, went  
into the frying pan, and was consumed without  
sauce or ceremony.

On the whole, I was not dissatisfied with my  
company, nor practically pleased when I found  
my privacy intruded upon by a stranger. One  
night, on returning home from work, I found a  
man lying asleep on my bed, with his hat on  
and his face buried in his arms. I stood for a  
moment in admiration of his coolness, and then  
stirred him up with a pick until he awoke.

"Who are you, pray?" I asked.  
He turned towards me, and said: "It's me,  
Mr. Smith; don't you know Gardner?"

His clothes were in disorder, and his face  
haggard and dirty; but I recognized him at  
length, as a man who a few weeks before, had  
been working in the gully, but who had been  
absent since that time. He began to tell a story  
of how he had gone with a party to the Ovens  
Digging, then just discovered. He had met  
with no luck at the Ovens; and, as he had quar-  
reled with his party, he had come back to stay  
with me. This was highly pleasant and satis-  
fying. I knew nothing of Mr. Gardner, and  
was by no means disposed to have his society  
thrust upon me in this manner. I was at a loss  
to understand why he should have come to me,  
for I had never held much intercourse with him.  
I remembered him as a civil-spoken man, with  
whom I had sometimes exchanged a word, but  
who had never shown a disposition to court any  
society beyond that of the man with whom he  
was working.

However, it would not do to turn him out at  
once: the night was coming on, and he was evi-  
dently too much fatigued to go elsewhere for a  
lodging. He had sold his tent, and everything  
belonging to it, having trusted, as he informed  
me, entirely to my hospitality. I gave him to  
understand that he was welcome to the shelter  
of the hut for the night, but that I wished to  
work alone, and did not want company.

He thanked me so earnestly for this offer, that  
I became better disposed towards him, especially  
when he insisted upon making himself useful,  
and, tired as he was, set to work to cook our  
supper. There was, however, something strange  
about his manner. He never spoke, unless in  
answer to a question; and then his reply was  
short, and uttered in an odd, incoherent sort  
of way, for which I could not account. As soon  
as the supper was over, he seated himself in a  
corner of the fire-place with his face buried in  
his hands. After a while, when I supposed he  
was falling asleep, a sudden shiver passed over  
him, and he moved his position without looking  
up, and doubled himself up still more. I asked  
if he was cold, and he stared at me, as though  
surprised at the question. He was not cold, he  
said. I advised him to turn in; he then got up,  
and proceeded to hump some logs on the fire,  
after which, he rolled himself in his blankets.  
I did the same; and, having determined to turn  
my sulky companion out of doors on the mor-  
row, I fell asleep.

Next morning, as soon as I awoke, Gardner  
called to me in a faint voice, and asked me  
to bring him a drink of water. On going to him,  
I found that he was, in fact, too ill to move.  
During the day, his illness increased, and I  
proposed to go to the government camp for a  
doctor; but he begged me not to leave him,  
and insisted that he should soon be better. It  
seemed to me that he suffered more pain of  
mind than body, and the convulsive twitching  
of his face, as he lay with closed eyes in bed,  
was not a pleasant sight to see. He expressed  
his gratitude for such services as I was able to  
render him, and was evidently anxious to give  
me as little trouble as possible; but when I  
asked him to explain what ailed him; and to  
avail himself of any knowledge of medicine I  
might possess, he would make no answer, or  
only say, as before, that he should soon be bet-  
ter.

During the night which followed, I was  
awakened by a loud groaning. The bed which  
Gardner occupied, was at right angles with  
mine, and as the fire was still burning, I could  
see his face from where I lay. He was evident-  
ly struggling with some fearful dream. His  
breast heaved convulsively; a gurgling noise  
issued from his throat, and presently he broke  
out with a cry of "Ned—Ned!" several times  
repeated. I remembered that Gardner's mate,  
with whom he had been working before he left  
the gully, was a man commonly known as  
"Long Ned," who was believed to have been  
very successful as a digger. This man had  
quitted the neighborhood at the same time as  
Gardner, and probably in his company.

I got out of bed for the purpose of waking  
my companion; and having lit a candle, I saw  
the convulsions were renewed, and that he pre-  
sented all the appearance of a man in a fit. I  
took hold of his arm, and awoke him. He  
stared wildly about him, as I did so, and then  
recognizing me, he sank back with a deep sigh  
of relief.

"Gardner," I said, "where's Long Ned?"  
He raised his head with a scared look, and  
put his hand to his face.  
"What makes you ask that?" he groaned  
out.

"No matter; I do ask it. Where is he?"  
"I don't know," he gasped.

I felt certain he was not telling the truth;  
and a suspicion had occurred to me, which I  
determined to set at rest at once.

"Look you, Gardner, I must know what's  
the reason of your groaning and crying out in  
your sleep. Such dreams as these don't come  
to honest men."

"What do you take me for?"  
"I believe you have got something on your  
mind. If it is anything you dare tell, I advise  
you to tell it, or I shall think the worst."

He made no reply, and I continued:  
"Did Long Ned go to the Ovens along with  
you?"  
"Don't ask me. I can't tell."  
"I ask you again, what's become of him?"  
He made no reply for some minutes, and  
then suddenly raising himself up, he said: "I  
will tell you. You won't wrong me, will you?"  
"Wrong you?—why should I? What do  
you mean?"

"I've got a bad story to tell you, and perhaps  
you won't believe it; but it's all true. You  
asked me where Ned was?"  
"Well!" said I, impatiently.  
"Well, poor Ned's gone; he was murdered  
in the bush—not by me—don't look like that;  
I didn't do it."

My companion seemed so much agitated, that  
I got him a drink of tea, after which he grew  
calmer.

"Tell me all about this," I said. "How did  
it happen?" I will not trouble the reader with  
the questions by which I obtained the narrative  
of the murder. It was in substance as follows:  
Gardner and Long Ned had set out together  
for the Ovens, carrying nothing within the ex-  
cept their blankets. The latter had wrapped  
up in his bundle forty ounces of gold, which he  
would not send to Melbourne by the escort, as  
he said he did not want to be short of money at  
the new Digging. Long Ned was a very good  
sort of a fellow, but unfortunately he could not  
pass a "grogshop" or drinking tent without  
going in; and he invariably stayed by his bot-  
tle till he had finished it. Gardner said that  
his companion would often get so drunk in the  
middle of the day, that it would be impossible  
to get him away from the place until next  
morning; and on this account they traveled  
very slowly.

One afternoon when they were going to stop  
by the roadside for dinner, Long Ned caught  
sight of a tent standing back from the road, on  
which a dirty cotton handkerchief was flying in  
the breeze, as a sign of more or less good cheer  
to be had within. On a nearer inspection, this  
place of entertainment proved to be a frame of  
rude sticks, covered with pieces of tarpaulin  
and strips of old blanket, and beside it stood a  
shed for a horse and cart. The proprietor was  
dozing beside the fire, with a short pipe in his  
mouth. Long Ned, in his usual way, declined  
the offer of coffee, and desired the man to bring  
out a bottle of "stuff," at which all three were  
presently occupied.

The owner of the tent, the only person they  
saw there, was a short squat man, unusually  
dried even for the diggings, and with a face so  
covered with dark matted hair, that the fea-  
tures were scarcely distinguished. However, he  
seemed of social temper, and did his best, in a  
rough way, to please his visitors. Long Ned  
began to brag about the gold he had found;  
he had got forty ounces in his "swag," and  
tickets for above fifty ounces more, which he  
had sent down to Melbourne. The landlord  
said that it wasn't every body who had as much  
luck.

There being no room for all three to sleep in  
the tent, Gardner, with a good deal of trouble,  
persuaded his companion to resume the journey.  
The landlord offered no opposition to their de-  
parture, but on the contrary, directed them to  
lodging-tent, which he said stood about three  
miles further on, and which they might reach  
before dark by a short-cut over a neighboring  
hill. He brought out another bottle of spirits,  
and offered them a parting glass at his own ex-  
pense, a civility which neither refused.

They took their way in the dusk over the  
hill he had pointed out; but, before they had  
walked a mile, Gardner began to feel a stupe-  
faction of brain, accompanied with giddiness.  
His companion soon began to suffer from the  
same symptoms in a greater degree, although  
they were both tolerably sober a few minutes  
before. Staggering along, scarcely conscious of  
where they were going, they came to an old  
traveler's camp, with two miamis, or bush  
tents, still standing. Gardner managed to get  
under one of the miamis, and immediately fell  
into a deep sleep.

He said he never had such a sleep as that—  
All sorts of shapes seemed dancing before his  
eyes; and there was a cold weight, as it were,  
upon his heart, such as he had never felt before.  
Then he thought he heard his name called loud-  
ly, louder still, and then faintly. He made a  
great effort to awake, and at last succeeded,  
though he was still in a half-stupor state. There  
was a noise of some person moving near  
him, and a low moaning. He got on his knees  
to creep out of the miami, and by the light of  
the moon he saw his mate lying on the ground  
with blood issuing from a cut on the head, and  
a man kneeling beside him and searching his  
pockets. Horror-struck at the sight, Gardner  
was at first unable to move, but at length, with  
a sudden impulse, he threw himself upon the  
assassin, and tried to bring him to the ground.  
The latter though surprised by the attack, soon  
freed himself, and snatched two miamis of a revolver  
at his assailant; but the pistol missing fire, he  
caught up the bundle of Long Ned and made  
off into the bush.

Gardner had no strength to follow him, but  
gave down by the body of his mate, and lay  
there he could not tell how long. When he  
again came to himself, it was broad daylight.  
Having satisfied himself that Ned had ceased to  
breathe, he ran away from the spot, and walked  
for two days without sleeping, till he found his  
way back to my hut.

"It's all true," Gardner said, when he had  
ended this story.  
"What made you keep it secret?" I asked.  
"Did you give no information to the police?"  
"I dared not. They'd have said it was me."

I could hardly restrain my indignation at this  
reply.  
"I know what the police are," he repeated;  
"and if you were like me, you wouldn't have  
told them either."

He would not explain what he meant; but  
I afterwards found out the reason of his fears,  
which were not altogether groundless. Gard-  
ner was, in the language of the colonies, an  
"old lag"—that is to say, a discharged con-  
vict—and he knew that if the murder became  
known, he would be suspected of having killed  
his mate for the sake of the gold he had about  
him.

I told Gardner that he should give information  
to the police at once. Seeing that I was  
resolved, he at length gave his consent, and I  
set off to the government camp and inquired of  
the guard for one of the commissioners who  
bore a good name to the diggings. Fortunately,  
that gentleman was engaged in a rubber of  
whist, and therefore, although it was near mid-  
night, I had no difficulty in getting to see him.

He listened to me politely, and showed a degree  
of energy not at all common among those offi-  
cials.

"This is a strange story," he said. "The fact  
of the murder is true enough, for the body has  
been found under the circumstances you de-  
scribe; but why should this man want to de-  
ceale it? I must see him."

I told him Gardner's condition, and he sent  
for the doctor from the white-table, ordered  
three horses to be saddled, and desired me to  
lead the way to the hut. In half an hour more,  
he had heard the story from Gardner's own lips,  
and ascertained that the murderer had taken  
place on the third night before.

"Could you swear to the murderer if you saw  
him?" the commissioner asked.  
Gardner said he could not: he was so stupe-  
fied that he remembered nothing about him,  
except that he was a stout man.

"You say there was a grog-tent where you  
stopped, about a mile from the place?"  
Gardner assented.

## Sabbath Reading.

THE SABBATH BELLS.  
I hear the music of the Sabbath bells,  
That float so softly on the morning air,  
In sweetly solemn breathing tones it tells  
The lapse of time and the still hour of prayer.

I've often heard those lovely Sabbath bells,  
And yet their notes were never known to tire;  
When'er they sound, that restless breeze swells,  
With thoughts their spirit tones alone inspire.

They bring to mind the scenes of former years,  
When I exulting stood in youth's gay prime;  
Stranger alike to manhood's hopes and fears,  
Life's flowers I plucked, nor marked the passing of  
time.

They sing of home upon the breath of spring,  
And mingle with the wild bird's Heaven-taught  
strain;  
With sweetest melody the valleys ring,  
And mountain tops their echoes wake again.

And summer hours have witnessed out their power,  
When with a voice as sweet as angels use,  
They bid the world rejoice and hail the hour  
That calls for gratitude, and love, and praise.

Methods a sadder strain their spirit breathe,  
As autumn winds with hurried stealthy wings,  
Bear to the ground the severed lifeless leaves,  
And o'er their graves a mournful requiem sing.

Winter's white mantle o'er the scene is cast;  
O'er those sweet bells, so loved once breathe their air;  
And parting voices call us to the skies.

THE NON-EXISTENCE OF GOD.  
It is the province of God that none stand  
alone; we touch each other; man acts on man,  
heart on heart; we are bound up with each  
other; hand is joined in hand; wheel sets wheel  
in motion; we are spiritually linked together,  
arm within arm; we cannot live alone, nor risk  
alone; we cannot say, I will only run risks  
with my own soul; I am prepared to disobey  
the Lord for such a pleasure or such a gain, but  
I do not want to implicate others; I cannot be  
answerable for myself. This only want.

Each living soul has its influence on others in  
some way and to some extent, consciously or  
unconsciously; each has some power, more or  
less, direct or indirect; one mind controls another;  
a child acts on children; servants on their fel-  
low-servants; parents on their children; mas-  
ters on those they employ; friends on friends.  
Even when we do not design to influence others,  
when we are not thinking, in the least degree,  
of the effect of what we do, when we are un-  
conscious that we have any influence at all,  
when we do not wish our conduct or way of  
life to affect any but ourselves, our manner of  
life, our conversation, our deeds, are all the  
while having weight somewhere or somehow;  
our feet leave their impression, though we may  
not look back to see the mark.

INFLUENCE OF THE SMILE IN GIVING BEAUTY  
TO THE FACE.  
A beautiful smile is to the female  
countenance what the sunbeam is to the land-  
scape. It embellishes an inferior face, and re-  
deems an ugly one. A smile, however, should  
not become habitual, or insipidity is the result;  
nor should the mouth break into a smile on every  
occasion, the other remaining passive and unmo-  
ved, for this imports an air of deceit and grotesque-  
ness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts  
the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than  
a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each  
having a distinctive character—some announce  
happiness and sweetness, others betray sarcasm,  
bitterness and pride; some soften the counte-  
nance by their languishing tenderness, others  
brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vi-  
vacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror  
cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so  
well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that  
the heart keeps unaltered from the reflection of  
evil, and is illuminated and beautified by all  
good thoughts.

TALKING AND READING. Nothing is better  
than conversation as a corrective of self-suffi-  
ciency. In educated conversation a man soon finds  
his level. He learns more truly than from  
books, in converse with living men, to estimate  
his powers modestly and justly. A book is pas-  
sive; it does not repel pretensions; it does not  
rebuke vanity. Indeed, reading and study be-  
come to many but the nature of conceit. If  
some person value themselves on the books they  
own, it is not surprising that others should value  
themselves on the books they read. As knowl-  
edge grows on the thoughts in books, so  
peantry feeds on their words, and is proud,  
learned, and solitary. In conversation, a man is  
not long in discovering that he alone does not  
know everything; and that, though he were to  
die, wisdom would not perish with him.

HOLINESS, A CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGE. Do not  
look upon holiness, (writes a mother to her  
child,) in the light of conformity to a law, a  
mere submission to certain restrictive precepts.  
Look upon holiness as happiness—the only true  
happiness. To speak of it as the duty of a  
Christian, is a low and inadequate view; it is  
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holy is one of the greatest blessings that  
Christ has purchased for us, and bestows on us  
through the gift of the Holy Spirit.

Dear reader, examine yourself by the test.  
Is holiness regarded by you as a happiness or  
a hardship? If you do not enjoy holiness and  
follow after it, you could not enjoy Heaven,  
for it is a state of supreme happiness, because  
it is a state of perfect holiness.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE. The house will be  
kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of  
each other's errors, no leniency shown to fail-  
ings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft an-  
swer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single  
stick of wood in the grate and apply fire to it,  
it will burn; put on another stick, and they will  
burn; and half a dozen, and you will have a  
blaze. There are other fires subject to the same  
conditions. If one member of a family gets  
into a passion and is left alone, he will cool  
down, and possibly be ashamed and repent—  
But suppose temper to be piled on the fuel;  
draw in others of the group, and let one harsh  
answer be followed by another, and there will  
soon be a blaze which will envelop them all in  
its burning heat.

THERE is something indescribably sweet about  
little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenious,  
unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, sis-  
ters and everything. They are sweet little hu-  
man flowers, diamond dew drops in the breath  
of morn. What a pity they should ever be  
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SIR WALTER SCOTT and Daniel O'Connell, at  
a late period of their lives, ascribed their suc-  
cess in the world principally to their wives.  
were the truth known, theirs is the history of  
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WOMEN, however lovely they may be in per-  
son, rarely excite true admiration, if they are  
ignorant of the art of conversing well.

## Sabbath Reading.

THE SABBATH BELLS.  
I hear the music of the Sabbath bells,  
That float so softly on the morning air,  
In sweetly solemn breathing tones it tells  
The lapse of time and the still hour of prayer.

I've often heard those lovely Sabbath bells,  
And yet their notes were never known to tire;  
When'er they sound, that restless breeze swells,  
With thoughts their spirit tones alone inspire.

They bring to mind the scenes of former years,  
When I exulting stood in youth's gay prime;  
Stranger alike to manhood's hopes and fears,  
Life's flowers I plucked, nor marked the passing of  
time.

They sing of home upon the breath of spring,  
And mingle with the wild bird's Heaven-taught  
strain;  
With sweetest melody the valleys ring,  
And mountain tops their echoes wake again.

And summer hours have witnessed out their power,  
When with a voice as sweet as angels use,  
They bid the world rejoice and hail the hour  
That calls for gratitude, and love, and praise.

Methods a sadder strain their spirit breathe,  
As autumn winds with hurried stealthy wings,  
Bear to the ground the severed lifeless leaves,  
And o'er their graves a mournful requiem sing.

Winter's white mantle o'er the scene is cast;  
O'er those sweet bells, so loved once breathe their air;  
And parting voices call us to the skies.

THE NON-EXISTENCE OF GOD.  
It is the province of God that none stand  
alone; we touch each other; man acts on man,  
heart on heart; we are bound up with each  
other; hand is joined in hand; wheel sets wheel  
in motion; we are spiritually linked together,  
arm within arm; we cannot live alone, nor risk  
alone; we cannot say, I will only run risks  
with my own soul; I am prepared to disobey  
the Lord for such a pleasure or such a gain, but  
I do not want to implicate others; I cannot be  
answerable for myself. This only want.

Each living soul has its influence on others in  
some way and to some extent, consciously or  
unconsciously; each has some power, more or  
less, direct or indirect; one mind controls another;  
a child acts on children; servants on their fel-  
low-servants; parents on their children; mas-  
ters on those they employ; friends on friends.  
Even when we do not design to influence others,  
when we are not thinking, in the least degree,  
of the effect of what we do, when we are un-  
conscious that we have any influence at all,  
when we do not wish our conduct or way of  
life to affect any but ourselves, our manner of  
life, our conversation, our deeds, are all the  
while having weight somewhere or somehow;  
our feet leave their impression, though we may  
not look back to see the mark.

INFLUENCE OF THE SMILE IN GIVING BEAUTY  
TO THE FACE.  
A beautiful smile is to the female  
countenance what the sunbeam is to the land-  
scape. It embellishes an inferior face, and re-  
deems an ugly one. A smile, however, should  
not become habitual, or insipidity is the result;  
nor should the mouth break into a smile on every  
occasion, the other remaining passive and unmo-  
ved, for this imports an air of deceit and grotesque-  
ness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts  
the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than  
a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each  
having a distinctive character—some announce  
happiness and sweetness, others betray sarcasm,  
bitterness and pride; some soften the counte-  
nance by their languishing tenderness, others  
brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vi-  
vacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror  
cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so  
well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that  
the heart keeps unaltered from the reflection of  
evil, and is illuminated and beautified by all  
good thoughts.

TALKING AND READING. Nothing is better  
than conversation as a corrective of self-suffi-  
ciency. In educated conversation a man soon finds  
his level. He learns more truly than from  
books, in converse with living men, to estimate  
his powers modestly and justly. A book is pas-  
sive; it does not repel pretensions; it does not  
rebuke vanity. Indeed, reading and study be-  
come to many but the nature of conceit. If  
some person value themselves on the books they  
own, it is not surprising that others should value  
themselves on the books they read. As knowl-  
edge grows on the thoughts in books, so  
peantry feeds on their words, and is proud,  
learned, and solitary. In conversation, a man is  
not long in discovering that he alone does not  
know everything; and that, though he were to  
die, wisdom would not perish with him.

HOLINESS, A CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGE. Do not  
look upon holiness, (writes a mother to her  
child,) in the light of conformity to a law, a  
mere submission to certain restrictive precepts.  
Look upon holiness as happiness—the only true  
happiness. To speak of it as the duty of a  
Christian, is a low and inadequate view; it is  
the privilege of the Christian. The power to be  
holy is one of the greatest blessings that  
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